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mercial ends. In the so-called "Chamber of Horrors" at Madame Tussaud's in point of fact there are no horrors at all—at least none of this description. The effigies of notorious criminals are shown generally in the very clothes worn by the originals, and some historical relics of the French Revolution are preserved there, including the guillotine used during the Reign of Terror. But nothing worse. Not even in the cellars of the Musée Grévin do I recall anything quite so revolting as some of the groups exhibited in the crypt of its New York prototype.

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THE projected extension of the premises of Kirby & Sutton through to Twenty-second Street will make the American Art Gallery a lively competitor with the National Academy of Design for purposes of art exhibitions. With the completion of this improvement, it is not unlikely that a powerful combination will be made by the younger artists of the advanced schools, which may result in the founding of a new Academy, whose degrees will be more esteemed than those of the existing institution, which cannot fairly be said to represent all that is best in the American fine arts. The formation of a new Water Color Society is in the near future, and "the Pastel Painters" will perhaps form the nucleus of such an organization. Water-color drawings and pastel paintings might constitute a single exhibition; but the fact, doubtless, will be recognized that they cannot with propriety be companions upon the same walls.

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THAT excellent marine artist, Arthur Quartley, prior to his departure for London, where henceforth he will take up his residence, will, on April 26th, have a sale of his paintings and studies at the American Art Gallery. Perhaps it is hardly necessary to tell the readers of THE ART AMATEUR that this is an occasion which picture-buyers should not neglect. Mr. Quartley's pictures have a recognized market value. But it may not be amiss to remark that no American of his ability has yet gone to England without, in a short time, more than doubling his New York or Boston studio prices. The names of George H. Boughton—who, though born in England, lived in the United States from his sixth year—Mark Fisher, Gilbert Munger, William J. Hennessey, James A. M. Whistler and Alfred Parsons readily come to mind in this connection. Frank Hopkinson Smith also will go abroad this summer, although, fortunately for New York, not for a prolonged stay. He and Mr. Quartley, as artists know, are great friends, and to make the exhibition more varied, Mr. Smith will send all his unsold work to this same sale at the American Art Gallery. The important exhibition there of the works of George Inness, preparatory to their dispersion, is in progress at the present writing.

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ACCORDING to M. Eudel, whose exposé of the devices of dealers in spurious old faience is given in another part of this magazine, it is no very difficult matter to give the air of antiquity to modern pieces. Ordinarily it is done by causing the glaze to crack by heat, and then rubbing dirt and oil into these cracks to take away their look of freshness. If the pieces come fresh to the dealer from the factory he uses them in his kitchen or on his dinner-table for a time before showing them in his shop. The counterfeiting of signs is done with little knowledge of the matter, so that a specialist—and every collector should be a specialist—can readily detect the fraud. When any particular ware has become very fashionable, however, it is best to be extremely careful; for in that case it pays the dealer to study it and to take extraordinary pains with his false pieces. Copies are known which it is hard to distinguish from the model. Nothing is missing—the naïveté of the decoration, the color of the enamel, the oily and even white of the Moustiers, the blueish glaze of the Nevers, the slightly greenish ground of the Rouen, the mat ground of the Marseilles, and the brilliant finish of the Delft polychromes.

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SINCE the President of the National Academy of Design and the President of the Metropolitan Museum have yielded their consent to the erection in the Central Park of the wretched statue of Bolivar, presented by the Republic of Venezuela, their names should be engraved on the plinth. Future generations of New

Yorkers should not be left in ignorance as to whom the city is indebted for its monumental art.

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THE small but good display of arms and armor at the Bartholdi Pedestal Art Loan Exhibition created a popular interest in the subject, which it is gratifying to know is to be fostered in the near future by the establishment in New York of a permanent museum or the study of arms and armor of all times and countries. A handsome nucleus for such a collection is to be found in the rooms of the Military Service Institution on Governor's Island, New York Harbor. General Rodenburgh is preparing a profusely illustrated catalogue, which probably will be ready in June. Most of the "old" armor in the halls and in the dining-rooms of New York houses is spurious. But there are two or three excellent small collections. For example, the Military Service Institution might obtain for exhibition the really fine collection of Mr. Morosini, which, had it not been in the hands of the cleaner at the time, he would have shown at the recent Loan Exhibition.

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THE cost of establishing in court Mr. Feuardent's charges in THE ART AMATEUR that the Cypriote antiquities in the Metropolitan Museum of Art had been improperly and deceptively restored amounted to \$64,000. Mr. Di Cesnola's \$34,000 was paid by a self-assessment by the trustees of the Museum. Mr. Feuardent's \$30,000 expenses have been cheerfully paid by two or three public-spirited New York gentlemen, who do not think the price too great for the services Mr. Feuardent has thus rendered to the study of art and archæology in America. MONTEZUMA.

HOW WE LOST THE CASTELLANI COLLECTION.

THE recent death of Alessandro Castellani, the celebrated antiquarian of Rome, and the sale of the objects of art and antiquity of which he was possessed at the time of his decease, recall too vividly the great loss which not only this city but the whole country suffered in the failure of the Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art to purchase the collection brought to America by Castellani in 1876, and exhibited first at Philadelphia and afterward in New York. Americans who visit the British Museum will always be sorely reminded of that loss. They will see there, in the sculpture gallery, the Greek marbles, the Indian Bacchus, the Head of Apollo, and in fact nearly all the pieces of sculpture that we once had in Fourteenth Street; and, in the gold room, not only the case of antique gems which gave home-staying Americans the first opportunity they had enjoyed of seeing such objects, perfect in their kind, but also the collection of Etruscan gold ornaments—a collection not surpassed in beauty or in fineness of execution—all of which things might have been ours had there been among our trustees and rich men the knowledge to understand what an opportunity was offered them, or the taste to appreciate the beauty of the treasure.

At the close of the Philadelphia Exhibition, by an arrangement made with the trustees, the whole of the Castellani collection—the bronzes, the personal ornaments, the gems, cameos and intaglios, the rings and the magnificent display of majolica—was transferred to New York and exhibited in the Museum on Fourteenth Street for an entire year, with the avowed intention on the part of the trustees to procure its purchase if possible. It was placed in a part of the building separate from the main portion, and an additional charge was made for admission to it. At the end of the time agreed upon for its exhibition, the money for its purchase not being forthcoming, the whole collection was packed up and sent to Paris. In May of the next year, 1878, the majolica was sold at auction, and other objects were disposed of at private sale.

Thus vanished the opportunity which had been offered us of placing in the museum the nucleus, at least, of a collection of art-objects which would not only have given the institution something more than an honorable start, but would have secured for it what it has never had, the cordial good-will of all the real lovers of art in our country. All cavil against the management would have been drowned in the grateful thanks of those who knew themselves, and could show convincingly to others, the intrinsic and endur-

ing value of the collection; and while, since it was established, the museum has been of little if any practical use to the body of men and women engaged in the arts of design, with these objects in our possession there would have been an inexhaustible fountain of suggestion within reach of our artisans that must before long have made itself felt, putting life into the dead bones of our minor arts, and not without inspiring influence on the arts called higher.

Well, we lost the collection, and how did we lose it? Of course, the main cause was the indifference of the general public, especially of our wealthy citizens. Money had been forthcoming without stint and without delay to purchase the Blodgett collection of old Dutch paintings. Money had been poured out like water to fill Mr. Cesnola's pocket and saddle us forever with his patched-up collection of Cypriote antiquities, and though it took much squeezing to get the money for Mr. Avery's porcelain, much squeezing and much cajoling, yet the money came. But now, when it was a question of art of the highest kind applied to objects of human use and adornment, and of an acquisition for which no apologies would ever need to be made—nothing was done nor anything seriously attempted. But worse than this. So far from anything being attempted in the way of attracting the attention of the general public, from some cause which we shall not now discuss, the collection was rendered difficult of access to the public by being put in a place apart, and a separate charge made for admission, a condition that, as all experience shows, suffices most effectually to keep people away; and so well did it work in this case, that day after day would pass without a soul darkening the doors of the room that held almost the only things in the building worth looking at. The heads of the institution were supine and indifferent. Now and then they went through a few perfunctory motions of appeal to the public. But nothing of the least importance was ever done, and those outsiders who were alive to the greatness of the occasion were made aware of dull influences at work thwarting all their endeavors.

These are facts for Americans to ponder while this matchless collection, which should have been ours, is being dispersed under the auctioneer's hammer.

THE PASTEL EXHIBITION.

DURING two weeks, from March 17th to March 29th, there was on view at the gallery of Mr. W. P. Moore a collection of sixty-four drawings in pastel, the first exhibition of the kind, we believe, ever held in this city. Messrs. Carroll Beckwith, Blashfield, Blum, Chase, Bolton, Jones, Miller and Ulrich were the chief exhibitors; other drawings were shown by Messrs. McCutcheon, Palmer, McEwen, Niemeyer, Ross Turner, Freeman, Francis C. Jones, and by Miss Kate H. Greateorex and Miss Caroline T. Hecker. The exhibition proved to be of considerable interest, as showing to a public little informed on the subject what can be accomplished in a material, known, so far as it is known at all, as the parent of certain woolly and faded portraits haunting the deserted upper rooms of decrepit country-houses.

Most of the work shown displayed technical ability of a quality not common; but, aside from this professional dexterity, there was but little to attract the searcher after an art that exists for something besides its own sake. But, then, what artist to-day cares anything for the ideal or for poetry, and in what country are the artists doing anything more than ours are doing to give us a rest from the machine-ridden round of our dreary modern life? Still, in other countries, in France, in Holland, in Italy even, there are artists who confront the hard conditions of our life with assurance, and treat things as they find them; it is only here and in England that men seem to be afraid of facts, or unable to perceive the opportunities that lie about them. Thus, in the present exhibition, there was not a drawing which could not have been made anywhere else as well as in America. There was not a trace of contemporary home-life. Mr. Chase has shown us a corner of his studio again for the twentieth time, and it might as well be a studio in Paris as in New York. And so little is individuality sought after, that the same model appears without attempt at disguise in at least six of the drawings—a well-known model, and by no means an ill-looking one, but the

iteration adds still more to the professional expression of the exhibition.

Mr. Blum's work made, perhaps, the liveliest impression. He had a large interior of a studio which was easily mistaken for a Chase, and two or three interiors with groups of girls sewing—the light coming directly in the spectator's face through windows shaded with muslin curtains, a trick much in fashion of late—the reader will remember Abbey's "Sisters"—and borrowed from that extremely clever German, Liebermann. In one of these drawings Mr. Blum escaped from mere technique, and put much life and truth of action into his figures. Two of the girls at least were really chatting, and there was some character expressed in their faces. Mr. Ulrich had two drawings, both of which added to his growing reputation; but the lady in a furred wrap, snatching forty winks in a luxurious arm-chair before her carriage comes to roll her off to dinner, was the more interesting. It was the most individual drawing in the exhibition, and certainly showed as much cleverness as any.

Carroll Beckwith sent several heads, all important in size and all of a type uncomfortably of the earth, earthy. No one disputes Mr. Beckwith's cleverness, but every one wishes that he could paint people it would be agreeable to know. Mr. Blashfield sent a Sibyl from no man's land, perched upon a high marble dado and nursing her foot with a stick. The subject was neither real nor decorative; but in the technique there was much skill, especially in textures.

Mr. Chase's contributions included a clever portrait of himself and several subjects from Holland, all of them characteristic, the best, one from Scheveningen, showing a beach and dune the very counterpart of East Hampton, where, so far as we know, no one ever found a subject for a landscape, though we believe Winslow Homer did once try his hand at the people. But probably there are twenty Americans ready to buy a bit of Scheveningen for one that will look twice at a corner of East Hampton.

The exhibition, on the whole, was a pleasant surprise. It was due wholly to the enterprise of a few of our younger artists, to whom we have become accustomed to look for any such departure from old-time traditions as found expression there. Should there be another display of pastel work next year, we hope to chronicle, together with our commendation of the technical skill of the artist, the display of somewhat more originality of subject, which may be, if not distinctively national, at least American in suggestion.

Dramatic Feuilleton.

Hamlet.—Good, my lord, will you see the players well bestowed?
Polonius.—My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Hamlet.

THERE is an old story of an antediluvian weather prophet, who, having predicted a showery day, was astonished to find himself drowned by the deluge. He had predicted better than he knew. He was altogether too infallible. When I read over the Feuilleton in the last number I feel like that correct but drowned weather prophet. I ventured to say that "one result of the bad Lenten business will be the early ending of the theatrical season." Behold, the regular theatrical season has stopped in the middle. It ended at Easter.

The Union Square and the New Park theatres were closed during the whole of Passion Week, not from any religious motives, but in order to rehearse new plays for Easter Monday. The Madison Square was closed on Good Friday; but I suppose this was also without a religious motive, for a new play was brought out on the following evening, and, to strictly religious people of the Rev. Dr. Mallory's denomination, Holy Saturday is almost as sacred as Good Friday.

However, let us not drift away from my point, which is, that, before the middle of April, almost all the stock theatres had ended their regular seasons, which used to run up to the Fourth of July, and, as I anticipated, not a single New York house now has on its boards the play which it was advertising as "the hit of the season" when the forty days of Lent began.

The changes have been so numerous and so unanimous as to be really remarkable. The Union Square stopped its regular season a week before Easter, and sent its company off into the country with "Separa-

tion." Wallack's stopped its regular season at Easter and sent its company off into the country with "Lady Clare." The Casino stopped its regular season at the same date and sent its company off into the country with "The Merry War." Ditto the Madison Square with "Alpine Roses." Ditto Daly's Theatre, a week later, with "Red Letter Nights." Here we are in the midst of the summer season before the summer has fairly begun. This is not only remarkable—it is unprecedented.

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As one reads over the announcements for Easter he might well believe himself to be in London, instead of New York, so many and so various were the novelties presented. Nine new plays and one new opera-bouffe were brought out within a week. Of the new productions seven were American, one English, and two French, or from French sources.

Now, with the exception of "May Blossom" and "Dan's Tribulations" none of these novelties is acted by the regular companies of the theatre. They are all combination pieces, constructed, like a Concord wagon, for use on the road. Yet they occupy our principal theatres and were produced at Easter, which is regarded, all over the world, as the harvest-time for managers. The managers did not stay in town for the harvest. They left the metropolis to Henry Irving.

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THE farewell engagement of Mr. Irving, Miss Ellen Terry and the London Lyceum Company, at the Star Theatre, emphasizes all that I have previously written about the influence of the great English actor and his methods upon the drama in this country. It is not too much to say that he will completely revolutionize our starring system. He has already made the old system impossible.

For many years our stars have been going on in the same bad way. Take Edwin Booth, for an example, because he is the most successful representative of the American stars. Mr. Booth came into a town with his valet and his costumes. He sent both to the theatre. The valet rehearsed his plays for him and laid out the costumes in the dressing-room. At night Mr. Booth walked into the theatre; put on one of the costumes; recited his lines with more or less animation and pocketed from sixty-five to seventy-five per cent of the gross receipts.

The public paid their money to see Edwin Booth. They saw Edwin Booth; but they did not see a Shakespearean performance. How could they? The company had been engaged by the manager without reference to Mr. Booth's repertory. The scenery was the stock scenery of the theatre. The costumes were provided by a costumer for so much a night, and nobody thought of asking whether they were correct or appropriate. The manager made a little money; Edwin Booth received from \$500 to \$800 for his appearance, and both were satisfied.

Contrast this with the arrival of Mr. Irving, who brings his own company, his own scenery, his own costumes and properties, his own stage-manager and musical director, and gives a complete performance of every play, as perfect as if the theatre had been under his management for years. The public see, for the first time, a perfect representation of a tragedy, comedy, or drama. The local manager makes more money, as he has no expenses and the receipts are larger. Mr. Irving makes as much money and has given the public something for it beyond the mere exhibition of himself.

Does anybody believe that, once having witnessed the effects of the Irving system, our public will be contented hereafter to accept the star carpet-baggers of the old school? By no means. Even the local managers will not accept them. They pluck up courage to ask Mr. Booth's agent what company he is going to bring with him, and Mr. Booth has to name his company or reduce his terms.

This is the practical side of the revolution which Mr. Irving is effecting here. When he returns to us, next season, even more perfectly equipped in every department, he will do away forever with the system of one star and a lot of puppets on the American stage. If he had accomplished nothing else in life this is an achievement which would immortalize him.

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"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING" is the best specimen of Mr. Irving's management which New York has

seen at this writing. It surpasses "The Merchant of Venice," because there may be room for debate as to Mr. Irving's rendering of Shylock. There can be little difference of opinion about his Benedick. For the first time we see, not a mere fop bandying jests with a Lady Disdain, but a brave, intelligent soldier piqued into badinage and then tricked into love.

The Benedick of Mr. Irving, like every other part he plays, is thoroughly original; but when you compare his conception, line by line, with the text, you find that it is also thoroughly Shakespearean. He has the authority of the master for everything he does. He has carefully studied out the character first, and then worked himself into it. He makes his peculiarities and mannerisms so fit into the part that they seem to belong, not to himself, but to Benedick. On the first night a lady sitting behind me observed, "I always thought that Benedick was more graceful." This was a delicious compliment. I always thought, also, that Benedick was graceful until I saw Mr. Irving impersonate him, and then I realized that a soldier like Benedick need not be any more graceful than the melancholy Jacques, whom, in fact, he much resembles.

But, whereas the Benedick of Mr. Irving appears to have been thought out, studied out, worked out, until every look, gesture and intonation has a meaning and a force, Miss Ellen Terry seems to have been born as Beatrice. She comes upon the stage, as Venus rose from the sea, perfect and admirable. Beatrice is a many-sided character. She flirts; she jests; she is pert; she is angry; she is loving; she is coquettish—in one word, she is a woman—and Miss Terry gives us every phase of her with the same naturalness and completeness. Every man in the audience is in love with her while she teases Benedick. Every man in the audience longs to fight for her when she appeals to Benedick to avenge the insult to her cousin. Every man in the audience envies Benedick when, at last, she nestles lovingly in his arms.

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SUCH a Beatrice and such a Benedick would be enough to make "Much Ado About Nothing" popular in New York; but what does Mr. Irving give the public in addition? A lovely Hero in Miss Millward; a princely Don Pedro in Mr. Terriss; a genuine Dogberry in Mr. Howe; a dignified Leonato in Mr. Wenman; a graceful Claudio in Mr. Lyndal, and so on down to the smallest character. All are as good in their parts as Mr. Irving and Miss Terry are in theirs. Then he adds appropriate scenery and appointments. Then he accompanies the comedy by delicious music. Every moment there is something delightful to see or hear. Is it any wonder that he attracts extraordinary audiences and receives unstinted praise?

I should like to go over the performance of "Much Ado" point by point, as one details the beauties of a painting, calling attention to this bit of by-play, that touch of local color, this clever change of scene, that artistic management of drapery, this nice conformity to etiquette, that lovely trait of manhood—the delicate art displayed here, the truth to nature there. But, alas! such congenial labor must be postponed in order to come to the practical application of the foregoing remarks.

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THE Irving season will teach our actors to respect themselves and their art. It will show them that the humblest utility man can be an artist. It will develop stage-management into a profession. It will elevate the American drama and educate the American public. We have all seen great actors before Mr. Irving; but we have never seen so great an actor and so great a manager combined in one person. He returns to England as beloved and respected here as he is at home, and when he comes back to us, next October, he will be welcomed as an old friend, an honored teacher, a beneficent reformer of the stage.

It would be as impossible for a savage tribe to go back to its idols and its fetiches after having been taught civilization by the missionaries, as for us to be satisfied with the old style of presenting Shakespeare after having witnessed a series of Mr. Irving's performances. Our stars must recognize this fact or lose their popularity. Art is not only long but long-suffering; but when it once asserts itself ignorance and indifference are doomed.

STEPHEN FISKE.